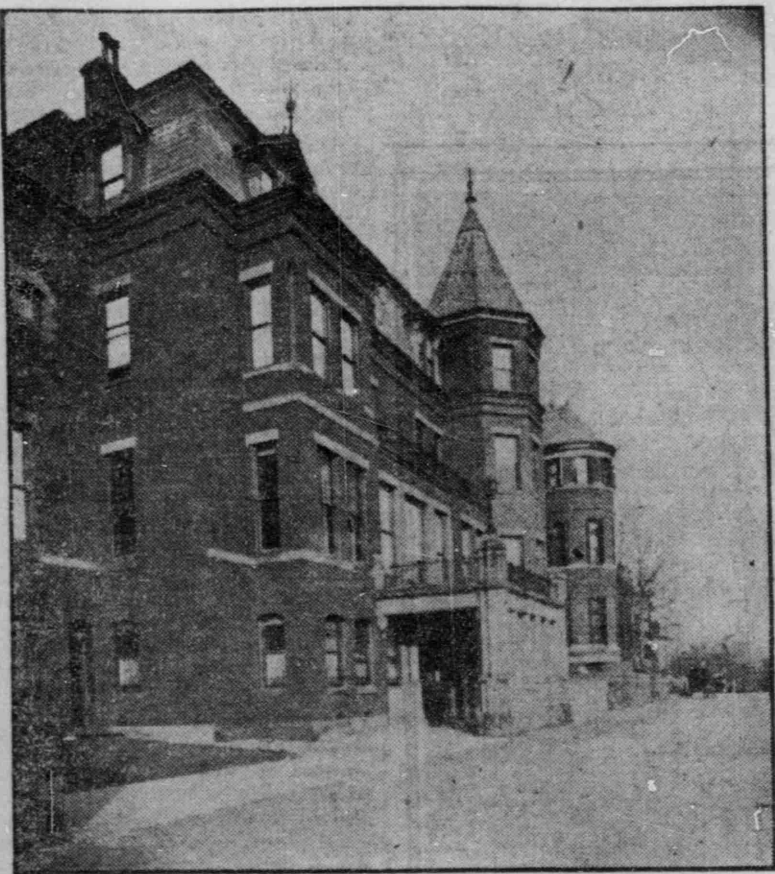


The German "White House" and Its Beautiful American Mistress.

KAISER WILHELM'S NEW FAIRYLAND AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

A Unique Embassy Unsurpassed In Art Treasures and Decorations.



THE GERMAN EMBASSY, HIGHLAND TERRACE.



DRAWING ROOM, GERMAN EMBASSY.



GRAND HALL, GERMAN EMBASSY.

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THE Emperor of Germany, eager for American good will, has just completed at Washington a fairy palace that is sure to cause to open wide the eyes of all lovers of splendor and beauty. Or rather, to speak more accurately, a titled American woman, the Baroness von Sternburg, has been enabled to attain this triumph in decorative achievement through the Kaiser's kindness in encouraging the wife of his envoy to the United States to draw without stint upon the Teuton coffers in order to create an establishment worthy of his pride at the seat of government of the nation he so much admires.

Due to a Woman's Tact.

The German ruler was accredited at one time with stern disapproval of the tendency of many of his diplomats to offer their hearts and hands to pretty American girls, but all such opposition, if it has not already entirely disappeared, should assuredly be eradicated by this master stroke of the most attractive woman of the German diplomatic service. It will be only natural for her countrywomen to declare—and probably it is simple truth—that no person save one of Miss Columbia's daughters could have worked the wonderful transformation which has taken place during the past nine months at the great mansion at Washington owned outright by the German government.

Veritable German "White House."

In its new guise this center of Teuton interests in America is from every interior viewpoint a veritable German "White House." In every apartment snowy white walls, central and pleasing settings of pictures and objects and enhanced by the most decorative schemes, which the atmosphere of the house is bright and cheery and symmetrical. To appreciate, however, what a wealth of resource and ingenuity has been expended to bring the home of the Kaiser's representative to its present state of artistic perfection one must have been familiar with the former surroundings of the embassy. The Emperor gave Baroness von Sternburg carte blanche to furnish her new home in accordance with her own taste and pleasure. In fact, she was to use his own words, "a fairy palace," if she chose—but all the active skill of this inventive American woman was required to substitute for the cold and inelegant home of a foreign diplomat a brilliant, yet stately, and comfortable twentieth century mansion. One secret of her notable success is found in the fact that she personally supervised every detail of the reconstruction project, sacrificing much of her own time, so that nothing might be overlooked.

The White Decorative Scheme.

The white decorative scheme which constitutes one of the distinctive features of the reconstructed embassy is inaugurated on the first floor, which is given over largely to the embassy offices, save for a long hall, on the walls of which are ranged a collection of engravings, framed uniformly. From this apartment a white staircase ascends to a hall on the main floor which is identical with that below in its dimensions. In the upper hall, as in the lower, walls, ceiling, and woodwork are pure white, serving to bring out in splendid contrast the rich red window hangings and the red upholstery of the mahogany furniture. At the head of the stairs on opposite sides of the hall hang immense portraits in oil of the Emperor and Empress. Several massive Chinese cabinets, a Chinese screen and numerous

Chinese porcelains, but the pre-eminently impressive feature of the apartment is found in the large number of quaint silver-framed mirrors and silver candle plaques which well nigh cover the walls. Considered collectively they constitute a decorative factor which, from the standpoint of novelty and attractiveness, is not equaled in any other American home. Opening from this salon is a cozy alcove with furniture upholstered in red and walls covered with old prints and autographed photographs. In the reception room is a large portrait in oil of George Washington. Peculiarly rich and impressive is the

central origin, quaint in design and beautifully carved and inlaid. The hangings of the room are red, and this warm hue predominates strongly in the rugs. Ranged on all sides of this splendid feast room is a wealth of gold and silver plate, much of it marvelously embossed and incrustured with semi-precious stones, which is literally indescribable in its beauty. The Sternburg family gained its ascendancy when the great Frederick of Prussia in his famous seven years' war successfully defeated the armies sent against him by almost all the great powers of Europe, and eventually these found their way into the hands of the founder of Baron von Sternburg's family many of the choicest art treasures, and particularly plate, which constituted the trophies captured from the French, Polish, Austrian, Bohemian, Spanish and Muscovite war lords. To these, as a nucleus, have been added pieces of plate representative of the whole range of products of the foremost silversmiths of the middle ages in Nuremberg and Munich to the novelties of the present day, and all these glittering souvenirs lie spread out to dazzle the eyes of those fortunate Americans who are hidden to break bread with the accredited envoy of our greatest rival among the nations.

At the end of the hall on the main floor is a spacious apartment, which will be pronounced by every feminine visitor the particular gem of this new fairyland. This nook which will henceforth rank as the most discussed "show place" in the social realm at Washington is milady's boudoir. That the whole scheme of ornamentation and decoration is essentially feminine and inexpressibly dainty, will readily be appreciated when it is explained that the walls above the white wainscoting are hung in sky-blue satin and curtains, portieres, and upholstery are in the same material festooned by rich laces. The floor is covered with a blue velvet carpet of harmonious tint, set off by Oriental rugs collected by the baroness in India. There is the same profusion of Chinese and Indian curiosities which render the other rooms so out of the ordinary and the finishing touch which typifies the character of the apartment is found in a great collection of simply framed color plates illustrating the dress of women of all ages.

Milady's Boudoir.

Count von Sternburg's Study.

Across the hall from the drawing room is the ambassador's study, a room of medium size with a mahogany desk and many well-filled bookcases filling the eye at first glance. Beyond is the great ballroom, which it has been planned to make the scene of many brilliant fetes. Scarlet red and white lacquer are the predominating colors in this vast apartment, and the walls which are paneled in oak to a height will be well-nigh hidden by great expanses of Chinese silk, adorned with the embroidery in every conceivable hue

which has no counterpart outside the Orient. In this room also are several large Chinese cabinets, and right here digression might be made to note that in no habitation in America, not even in the new Chinese legation, are there to be found art treasures from the Orient which surpass in number and value those within the walls of the German ambassadorial residence.

The Countess von Sternburg.

Interesting as is this new German palace upon which so much time and

has violet eyes with long black lashes, reddish blonde hair, and a marvelous complexion. Hers merits designation as a bright face, and is expressive in the highest degree. The father of the baroness, Mr. Charles Langham, was an Englishman, and her mother was Miss Duffield, daughter of Judge Duffield of Chicago. The present ambassador and her sister Violet were born in the Golden Gate State during the time that the mining interests of Mr. Langham necessitated his residence there. However, these two girls, together with their sis-

sy, and then again after service as Germany's commissioner at Samoa again came back to the American capital, this time as *châtelaines*, so that it will be seen that he has been associated with Uncle Sam's people during much of his career.

Courted on Shipboard.

His love story began while crossing the Atlantic. Indeed, two of the principal scenes in this romance occurred on shipboard. At the first rise of the curtain we find the American girl, returning to her native land to visit her relatives in Kentucky and elsewhere, making a conquest of the young German diplomat whose honors were yet all before him. The second act took place some time later on another trans-Atlantic liner, when Baron von Sternburg returning home, flushed with success from his first mission—that in Samoa—found evidence that his lucky star was still in the ascendant in the presence on the same ocean greyhound of his charming traveling companion of the former voyage.

Cupid's Triumph Over Mammon.

One obstacle loomed up to justify the tradition that true love never does run smooth. The German government takes a fatherly interest in the material welfare of its diplomats, and the prosaic and unsentimental official having such matters in charge decreed that a statesman with so assured a career as the Baron Speck von Sternburg could not wed the girl of his choice unless she had a dowry of \$20,000. Now, Mr. Arthur Langham, the well-known Kentucky business man and horseman, with whom his niece, Miss Lillian, made her home, did not happen to have \$20,000 which he could bestow as a dot, and for a time the wreck of love's bark was threatened, but in the end Cupid triumphed, and the young couple were married at the Galt House, in Louisville, Ky., little more than two years ago.

Warm Friend of Mr. Roosevelt.

President Roosevelt and Baron von Sternburg have been warm friends ever since 1886, when the then Civil Service Commissioner and the secretary of the German legation discovered that they had much in common in their love of outdoor sport. The youngest President was delighted when he learned that his friend had chosen an American girl for his bride, and when, prior to their departure for India, the Sternburgs spent some time at the White House, the baroness and Mrs. Roosevelt became very fond of each other. Baron von Sternburg did not have an opportunity to really enter upon his new duties as consul general to India ere he was called upon to fill the German diplomatic post at Washington. It is universally admitted that the appointment of Baron von Sternburg to Washington has been the Kaiser's cleverest coup, but it is a question whether the good which will redound to German interests through the President's high personal regard for the Teuton envoy will not be overshadowed by the kindly feeling which will be promoted by the gracious bride of the Diplomatic Corps.



BARONESS VON STERNBURG.

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BARON VON STERNBURG.

thought and labor and money have been expended, it is not half so interesting as the wonderful woman at the wave of whose magic wand it has sprung into being. Baroness von Sternburg—the name is one to conjure with in two hemispheres. Surprisingly the most beautiful woman to occupy a position of such importance in the international diplomatic field, yet with a grace and gentleness and charm of manner that would illuminate any surroundings, it is small wonder that the German Emperor once said to her: "If I were an artist I would wish for nothing better than to paint your portrait." The baroness, who is a California girl,

ter Ivy, were educated abroad, and after attending a convent in Paris the present baroness completed her education in Hamburg and Dresden and made her social debut in London.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Langham and Baron Speck von Sternburg came as the culmination of one of the prettiest international romances in which an American girl has played her part. Baron von Sternburg first came to the United States as attaché to the German legation about 1878. After several years' service in Washington he was advanced in rank and sent to China, and Japan, but in 1888 returned to the United States as first secretary of the ambas-

she danced before me, singing. I recall how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye—that she played with me, clung to me." And Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again. "My lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I'm sure the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you to relieve me of her." But Twashtri cried: "Go your way and do your best." And the man cried: "I cannot live with her." "Neither can you live without her," replied Twashtri. And the man went sorrowfully away, murmuring: "Woe is me! I can neither live with her nor without her!"

BUSY BAGGAGEMEN AT THE RAILROAD STATIONS

If any of the busy people of Washington could for a moment forget that their city is a railroad center, they should spend ten minutes in the baggage room of either the Baltimore and Ohio or Pennsylvania Railroad station. It is always a busy place, but during the holiday weeks there is something dreadfully

stands the story of a bride. One can almost see the dainty trousseau and wonders where it is bound for. On and on they come, and by a little stretch of imagination one can weave a pretty story, concerning every trunk that passes. How quickly the men work, too, in and out they go with tags and checks, calling cheerfully to the big men who do the lifting. The baggage for the different trains is separated, baby carriages and all, and they are able to pause a moment before the rush from the next incoming train reaches the baggage room. Only a moment, however, and the men, though they look tired and worn out after an unusually hard day, work bravely on, and it is wonderful how rapidly the giant loads are disposed of. After all, it is generally the women who cause all this rush, "for men may

come, and men may go," but they seldom worry with a trunk. You may separate a girl and her lover, but a girl and her trunk—never. In the entire room of one of the local railway stations there is probably only one mind that is totally oblivious to the rush and clatter and bang going on around and its able to sentimentalize. This belongs to an old gray cat quietly lying on the big desk, watching all that goes on. She feels her importance, for what would a place like this be without a mouser? She probably goes on duty in the wee sma' hours of the night, when to a certain extent the mad turmoil has subsided. After watching at the baggage window only ten minutes one leaves the room with a keener insight into the baggage question and a far greater appreciation of the number of travelers who pass through Washington.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD LOOKED SAD TO HIM

"WAS there ever a time in your life," a gushing young lady once asked a popular comedian, in tones of the tenderest sentiment, "when all the world appeared to you a dreary waste, when your heart sank as lead within you, when all the sweet bitterness, when all light was dark and all friends false, and death seemed the greatest boon the gods could offer?" The actor took a mental but unsentimental journey into the realms of his past life and replied gloomily: "Indeed, there was, and I can remember it as though it were yesterday. I was only twelve years of age at the time, and I resolved from that moment never to smoke another cigar until I was a man."

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE CREATION OF EVE

THE last section of "A Finger of the Moon Reddened by the Spring Sun," in the Sanskrit work called the "Surging of the Ocean of Time," contains a legend concerning woman's creation, which is commonly credited throughout India, and which runs somewhat as follows: At the beginning of time Twashtri (the Vulcan of Hindu mythology) created the world. But when he wished to create a woman he found he had employed all his materials in the creation of man. There did not remain one solid element. Then Twashtri, perplexed, fell into a profound meditation. He roused himself to do as follows: He took the lightness of the leaf and the glance of the fawn, the raveny of the sun's rays and tears of the mist, the inconsistency of the wind and the timidity of the hare, the

vanity of the peacock and the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the harshness of the diamond, the sweet flavor of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of the fire, the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay, and the cooing of the turtle dove. He melted all this and formed a woman. Then he made a present of her to man. Eight days later the man came to Twashtri and said: "My lord, the creature you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters with rest, she takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all, and is always ill." And Twashtri received the woman again. But eight days later the man came again to the god and said: "My lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember

she danced before me, singing. I recall how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye—that she played with me, clung to me." And Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again. "My lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I'm sure the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you to relieve me of her." But Twashtri cried: "Go your way and do your best." And the man cried: "I cannot live with her." "Neither can you live without her," replied Twashtri. And the man went sorrowfully away, murmuring: "Woe is me! I can neither live with her nor without her!"